

# Good Morning 398

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Steward Percy Fletcher — Here's News from Home

IT was lunch time when we called at your home, No. 32, Bull Lane, Bolton, Lancs. Steward Percy Fletcher, and we caught Mum, Dad and your sister, May, making very short work of one of Mum's "real good spreads."

They were having cold meat, with plenty of "bubble and squeak," and there was a big apple pie on the table, with a bowl of custard. May is nearly as fond of apple pie as you are, Percy, and after having her share—two helpings, she struck on the bright idea of having a helping for you!

Mum sent her love to you, and asked us to tell you that she has got a tin of fruit "put by" for your next leave. She says that she has got plenty of beans in for your favourite beans on toast, and she puts a little fat aside each week, so that you won't go short of your apple pie.

Dad sent his love to you as well, Percy. He is going up to London very soon, and wanted us to be sure to tell you, so that he could say you were not the only one to go there. He was in a big hurry to get back to work, and told us he would be getting the sack, when we detained him a few minutes longer for a photograph.

And now we come to May. Well, Percy, she gave us a whole heap of messages for you.

She wanted us to tell you that she and Mum went to Great Lever Park on Whit-Monday. They took their tea

with them, and had quite a nice time. She says that if you 'phone up again, you will still find that she has got a voice "Like an Angel out of Heaven," and she is going to keep it like that specially for you.

The family has found another cat, Percy, this time it is a little black and white kitten, very, very small, though it is about three months old. Your Father is most disgusted with it because it won't grow! "I don't know," he said, "We've had him three months and he never grows an inch."

Hence, the kitten is named Tiny.

Mum was off to town, to buy some pot-eggs, by way of encouragement for the hens. Dad was off to work, and May to school, so we left your home, Steward Fletcher, to fulfill our promises and "deliver the goods to you."

All's well at home—and all send their fondest love.

## —and Home Town News

**ITCHING TO MAKE MONEY.**  
A YOUNG South Shields lad saw an advertisement in a local paper asking for fleas for a performing flea circus, the fun fair entertainer having come to the end of his tether, trying to collect the elusive huddlers.

Anyway, the boy collected THREE DOZEN in a sealed jar. How he caught them is a problem, but he realised three shillings a dozen on them. We understand he spent his money on the "hoppings," which, by the way, is another name for a fair.

THE claret and light blue shirt of Aston Villa is famed the world over, and the "Royal Family of Football," as the Birmingham club has been called, is justly proud of their magnificent record, while players at Villa Park always feel honoured to think they are attached to a side that has few equals in the football world.

As you would expect, bearing in mind the Villa's long and honour-packed record, scores of "Knights" have played for them, but first we must look at Charlie Athersmith, the international outside-right, for Charlie, you see, set up a record that has never been equalled.

He won Cup and League Championship Medals, and turned out in all three international matches for England in the 1896-97 season.

One of the first of the great outside-rights, Charlie Athersmith was very speedy and developed the art of swinging the ball into the centre so that it went straight on to the head of his inside-right. And John Devey, more often than not, nodded the ball into the net.

Charlie Athersmith and John Devey are still discussed by veteran football followers, for their understanding was so remarkable that people swore that they must sit and plan their moves for hours.

Actually this was not true—there was no need for this. They were "made to play football with each other," and the fact that John Devey, captain of the Villa, led them to five League Championship wins and two victories in the Cup shows that he was a "Knight" with a little more "something" than most of the others.

A prolific scorer, he was before anything else a "team man," whose powers of leadership made him a power in the great Villa side. With Charlie Athersmith to back him up, he could weave his way through the most powerful defence—and finish up with a terrific shot.

### DRESSED FOR THE PART.

It was Devey, with Athersmith, who figured in one of the most remarkable scenes ever to take place on a football field. During a match against Sheffield United a terrific storm broke—and although players began to drop out, suffering from exhaustion, the referee refused to abandon the match.

Eventually, Devey, as a protest, donned an ankle-length overcoat, Charlie Athersmith borrowed an umbrella, and, adorned in this manner, the famous Villa right-wing continued to play in the storm!

"I remember a fellow painting a picture of this incident and presenting it to John Devey," an old Villa fan once told me. "Those who witnessed the match will never

We bet he's scratching his head to find another way to make money.

ONE Plymouth publican—in Albert Road—recorded his disgust with the liquor shortage by affixing this heart-cry outside his closed premises:

NO BEER  
NO STOUT.  
FED-UP.  
GONE OUT.

### FOUGHT GOOD FIGHT.

WELSHMEN the world over will mourn the passing of Lord Davies of Llandinam, Montgomeryshire. One of the greatest Welshmen of his day.

A great fighter, with a passion for peace, in the last

forget the incident. The football records sometimes mention it, but they do not say what a great wing these jokers really made up!

Aston Villa have always been famous for the quality of their forwards, and in Harry Hampton they had perhaps the most dashing centre-forward the sport has ever known. "Happy Harry" to the crowds who flocked to see him in action, he could force his way past the sturdiest and toughest defenders the game possessed. In addition, he made many openings for his inside forwards.

His terrific speed over twenty yards made him a power in the game. While defenders were making up their minds what to do, Hampton was through—and few goalkeepers could stop one of his drives.

Hampton made his first appearance for the Villa's League team in 1905—and put them more or less "on their feet," for the famed claret-and-blues were rapidly showing signs of a decline. Within a few months the Villans had won the F.A. Cup—and it was Harry Hampton who scored the two goals that defeated the powerful Newcastle team.

For many years he gave wonderful service, at the same time taking knocks that might well have crippled less tough players. I should not, I suppose, put everything to Hampton's toughness, for he learnt how to fall properly. When a defender hit Hampton for six he didn't go out flat. Not Harry! He taught himself to fall softly, and avoided serious injury.

### HE DREAMT THE GOAL.

It was in 1913 that Harry Hampton won his second Cup Medal—but this time he did not score the goal that defeated Sunderland, who were the Villa's opponents. There is a most interesting story behind this match.

Several days before the Final was due to be played, a Villa star had a dream, in which he saw Tommy Barber, a reserve half-back, score the goal that beat Sunderland. When he mentioned this to his team-mates they scoffed, and said the player shouldn't have eaten so much before going to bed.

The dream, however, proved to be correct, for a regular member of the Villa's senior side was injured, Tommy Barber was promoted—and notched the goal that gave the Villa the Cup once more!

Of recent years Aston Villa have had one of the best of goal-scoring centre-forwards in Tom Waring. Tall, powerful, fast, possessor of a net-breaking shot, Waring, as a leader of the attack, ranked among the best between the two wars.

He was born at Birkenhead—what leaders they produce in that area, including the great Dixie Dean!—and after leav-

war he raised and commanded the 14th Bn., Royal Welch Fusiliers, and although around 60, joined the Home Guard in its early days. But although a warrior, peace (and health) were the passions of his life. He thought they went together. So he gave best part of £70,000 to erect the Temple of Peace and Health in Cardiff's civic centre.

It is built in the shape of a "T," for tuberculosis. As president of the Welsh National Memorial Association, with its chain of hospitals fighting T.B., he had for years advocated mass X-raying. Find out lung troubles in their early stages and there is a good chance of cure, he used to say.

ing school, secured a job as chocolate boy on Tranmere Rovers' ground. On Sundays, however, he played football for a local team, and one day he asked Manager Cooke, of Tranmere, if he could loan him a pair of football boots.

Always willing to help a youngster, Manager Cooke duly obliged—then decided he would go along and see Pongo, as he was known to his friends, in action.

It did not take Manager Cooke long to see in Waring a born footballer, and he was signed as a professional. When Dixie Dean was transferred to Everton, Waring took over the centre-forward berth in the Tranmere League team, and in 1928 Aston Villa paid a £4,700 fee for his transfer.

What a wonderful bargain he proved to be! Pongo scored over 100 goals for the Villa, took his friend Dixie Dean's place in the England team, and forced his way into the forefront of modern centre-forwards.

Painful injuries interfered with his career, but few who saw him in action will forget Waring, with those powerful, long strides of his, dashing down the centre of the field. One of the "Knights" of mod-

ern football, he gave Aston Villa and England very good service.

### CANNON-BALL KICK.

Among Villa's present stars, Eric Houghton stands out as one of the "Knights." He is considered the hardest-kicker of a dead ball in the game, and has been known to score goals from forty yards "out."

It would not do him justice to describe his shooting powers as terrific. They are more than that, and have snatched victory for the Villa on many occasions.

It was Cecil Harris, a former Villa star, and Houghton's uncle, who introduced "the kid with the cannon-ball kick" to Villa Park, and in him the claret-and-blues have a winger who has given them loyal and valuable service.

And so one could go on telling of Aston Villa's "Knights." Andy Ducat (who played football and cricket for England), Billy Walker, Jimmy Allen, and a hundred other stars come quickly to mind. To tell of them all would fill many issues of "Good Morning," but those I have mentioned were "the tops" in every respect. But then, you have to be to wear Aston Villa's colours!



## Short Odd—But True

There were, before the war, more Italians in New York than in Rome.

Some 6,000 separate parts go to the making of a torpedo.

The first Eddystone Lighthouse (the present is the fourth) was made of wood by Winstanley in 1700, but three years later washed away, its architect with it.

Largest diamond ever found is the Cullinan Diamond, discovered in the Premier diamond mine, near Pretoria, in 1905, and presented to the King in commemoration of the granting of self-government to the Transvaal. It weighs 3,030 carats and is worth 15 millions sterling.

A batsman can be out off a no ball if he hits it, runs, and is run out.

At whatever height an airplane may be flying, its shadow on the earth is always the same size.

When in 1943 Alfred Arthur, an Australian bushman, was given two months in jail for not reporting for National Service, he said he had wandered in the bush since 1939 without seeing a white man or reading a newspaper, and he didn't know there was a war on.

A curious feature of dreams, often remarked upon, is that, however strange the figures and incidents may be, the dreamer is never surprised thereat.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# I AM ATTACKED

## PART 12

I OPENED my paper in the Breakfast Car of the eight-fifteen to Oldford the next morning and in one of the first headlines to catch my eye I read John Corby's name.

"MR. CAMERON CORBY IN MOTOR SMASH," I read, "Famous K.C. in Fatal Collision near Braithley." The report was brief but it told that a lorry had skidded and crashed into Corby's car on the outskirts of Braithley. Mr. Leonard Willshaw who was with him had escaped with minor injuries. The car had caught on fire and the chauffeur had been killed. Corby himself had been practically unhurt but had received serious injuries in a gallant attempt to rescue his driver. The paper stated that his condition was critical.

I put the paper aside, shocked by the news. Jervis was right. There was more to John Corby than I had thought. The man was not all poseur. Then I thought of Doctor Corby and what this would mean to him—this and the inevitable exposure of his younger son Ivor. Mine wasn't the only life into which tragedy came, swiftly and unheralded.

JERVIS was in my rooms when I reached them. He was talking to Moon. Moon started to go at once and Jervis told him to come back in a few minutes: he would ring. Then to me he said, "You've heard about poor John Corby, I suppose?"

"I read it in the paper. Tragic," I said. "Is there any further news?"

"Not that I know. If John goes out it will knock poor old Corby hard. And then there's this other damnable business. Oh God! What a mess!" He

shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't seen Beth yet. When they sent for the old man last night she drove him up to Braithley. He's staying there, she's on her way back so Mildred Corby tells me; that's the daughter."

"I see," I said. Jervis went on, "I'm afraid I was a bit sharp with you last night. I'm sorry. But Connor's news rather hit me. You see Beth is a very old friend and I hoped she was out of her troubles. But I've been trying to sort some of the details. That's what I was talking to Moon about. I'm trying to fit your uncle and Emily Long into the puzzle. She fits somewhere closer than we know. She's most important. She may even be the answer. I'll have Moon up again. Don't worry if he rambles a bit. I want him to stir up old memories and that's the best way to do it. You can trust him absolutely and you might as well know at once I had him watching Eastwinds on Saturday night. He's an old keeper, he's got eyes like a hawk and he can stand still for hours. He saw you, and he saw Emily Long, that's how I knew it was she. He managed to follow her, too, back to her cottage. There was a man waiting for her—probably Ivor. Moon stayed on till nearly dawn then he had to clear off; there's no cover there. Maybe that's Ivor's hide out." Jervis pressed the bell.

Moon answered at once. "Carry on, Moon," Jervis said. "I've just been explaining to Mr. Harborough that you were telling me about the 'Ship' at Langley Quay in old Croft's time. Sit down."

"It was a rum old place," Moon said, wagging his bald head reminiscently. "As I was saying to Mr. Arnold when you came in there was more dirty work went on there than any one 'ud guess in a month o' Sundays. When I was keeper to Mr. Jervis' father we had the marshes round there for about ten years, and I used to use the house sometimes, but bless you, sir, they'd see me coming a mile off unless I was careful. And then you'd never know what was going on inside there. I've come along of a dark night and heard half a dozen and more chaps laughing and talking in the Snug Bar, and when I went in there'd be one perhaps, or like as not only old Croft polishing a pot as innocent as you please telling me with a grin trade was very quiet that night. There was more ways in and out of the 'Ship' than the front and the back. One I did find out," Moon laughed. "I saw a sackful of our hares going in there once."

"Oh," Jervis put in. "Where was it?"

"A kettle house, it was," Moon went on using an old term

## Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

that was meaningless to me until he explained, "a sort of out-house by the sea wall where they kept lobster pots and fishing gear, and old oars and such things, and I think to myself, I got you now, my beauty. I had my son with me at the time and I sent him off for Beversham the policeman while I stayed on watch. And believe me or not, Mr. Arnold, when they come back and I went into that kettle house there wasn't a smell of a hare or Ben Cook the chap who took 'em in."

"Where had they gone?" I asked.

"Cellars, sir," Moon said sapiently. "That old place is riddled with 'em like a rat run. They'd got a door to 'em somewhere hidden, underneath all that rubbish there I'll lay, but we hadn't got the right to search it. I went along into the Snug just after and there was Ben Cook saucy as a monkey talking to Emily Croft and the two of 'em laughing at me."

"You think Croft's son brought queer people there on the quiet, do you?" Jervis said.

"I do, Mr. Arnold, and I know it. There was some rum old goings on there sometimes. And it wasn't all rag tag and bobtail either. There was people used to go to the 'Ship' as ought to have known better."

"Went after Emily, I suppose?" Jervis queried.

"Some of 'em," Moon said cryptically, "and some not. Remember that Norminster pawnbroker, sir?"

Jervis frowned. "Pawnbroker?" he repeated.

"The chap that got eighteen months at the Assizes over the Harby Hall burglary—"

"Oh, of course. Charged with receiving the goods."

"Beversham reckoned he took that stuff over at the 'Ship,' but they couldn't prove it," Moon stated. "He was one of 'em that was often there, and he never come by road. And there was that fat bookmaker from Kenmarket and there was some from this town that would have surprised a lot of people if they'd known."

I saw Jervis stiffen and suddenly he said, "Young Mr. Ivor Corby was one of them, wasn't he, Moon?"

"So you knew that, did you, sir?" Moon said.

Jervis shrugged his shoulders. "I heard gossip. But he's dead now so it doesn't matter. Was he after Emily?"

"And she old enough to be his mother, or nearly. Emily Long's forty if she's a day,

she'd have been thirty then and poor Mr. Ivor, what was he—twenty?" Moon said with disgust.

"Always was a bad woman, Emily," Moon said with a deprecatory shake of the head. "Bad girl and a bad woman. A Jezebel if you ask me."

Jervis swung round.

"Moon," he said, "I've an idea there may be rum old goings on at the 'Ship' now. Go and see what you can find out. See if Mrs. Artis has heard any gossip in her tap room, she'll talk to you. Adams would probably use the 'Ship,' see if he's heard anything. Go and see Beversham and talk about old times and find out what he remembers about the people Croft's son used to bring to the 'Ship,' and if Mr. Ivor had any undesirable acquaintances then."

Moon looked shocked.

"I know what I'm talking about," Jervis went on. "Now here are three special points: If Croft's son is still about, where is he? Has Emily ever been seen at the 'Ship' lately. And did Mr. Alban Harborough ever go there?"

"My uncle?" I put in in surprise and Moon said at the same moment, "What, old Mr. Harborough, sir?"

Jervis ignored both our interruptions. "Go and gossip about Mr. Harborough's death and let them know you've got his nephew staying in your house. They'll want to talk to you about him. Listen to all they say. And, Moon," Jervis extended a warning hand, "you can say what you like about Mr. Harborough, but whatever happens you're asking them questions out of your own curiosity. Nobody is to know we know you're doing it—nobody. You'll want some money for drinks," Jervis pulled out a case and passed him a couple of pounds. Now go and make someone talk and invent your own lies; you've often done it before."

Moon grinned.

"Very good, Mr. Arnold," he said rising. "I'd better get off now. I'll do my best, but I must say you surprise me. The 'Ship,' sir: why it's a gentleman's house now, I thought."

"Lots of funny gentlemen about these days, Moon," Jervis answered shortly.

WONDER what the old boy did with the money?" Jervis said.

"Who, my uncle?"

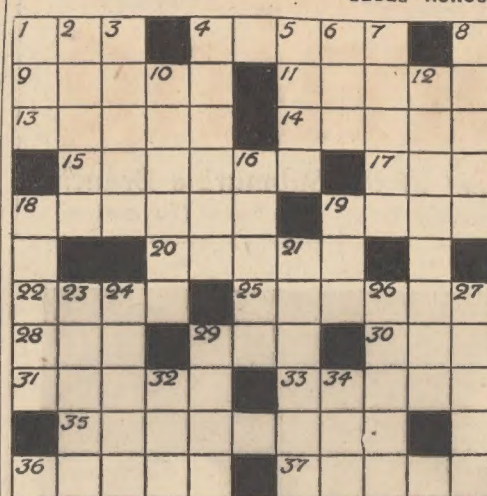
"Connor said he must have had a bit. Might have financed Palmer at the 'Ship.' If that's so Palmer had a motive. Get rid of the old boy and hang on to the pub. Golding might know."

"Golding?" I asked helplessly. "Fellow in Norminster, agent for hotel and pub property. If he didn't handle the sale himself he'd know who did. I'll ask him."

Jervis' brain seemed to be working feverishly. He jumped from subject to subject in more ap-

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Discontinued. 2 Untie. 3 Pulled. 4 Inn. 5 Pulp. 6 May. in June. 7 Assuage. 8 Grip and jerk. 10 Goes smoothly. 12 Stretched together. 16 Hundred fms. 18 Put on record. 19 Plant. 21 Body cavity. 23 Girl's name. 24 Spruce. 25 Colouring matter. 27 Make abstain. 29 Facile. 32 Fruit. 34 Insect.

1 Former. 4 Vegetable mound. 9 Relinquish. 11 Permit. 13 Young animals. 14 Bash. 15 Light rod. 17 Destructive parrot. 18 Guard. 19 Lift briskly. 20 Run off. 22 Maiden. 25 Bred. 28 Tree. 29 Fish. 30 Be in debt. 31 Girl's name. 33 Boast. 35 Overwhelming. 36 Mole. 37 Young animal.

U PATCHED K  
PROPEL BRAN  
CENTRE BITE  
ADD MAN VOW  
S FIREMEN  
TWIN GALES  
ANGULAR A  
GIN SET HOG  
AVER DIVING  
BEAU GOATREY  
LEGENDS O

parently irrelevant manner than I had ever known him do before. I found it hard to think clearly.

"Never turned up to be paid yesterday. Something odd about that," he went on. "Emily Long, I mean. Wonder if she's got the wind up. Shan't go after her though, not till I know a bit more."

"But when will you know a bit more?" I put in. "It seems to me we are wasting time. Surely we could give some sort of tip to the police."

"Wait till we hear what Moon's got to say, and Beth. Then we'll present Mr. Mace with a case that will give him the surprise of his life. But we can't prove a thing yet, except what Connor told us."

BEFORE he left me Jervis had largely restored my confidence. He asked me to keep indoors until I heard from him, so that he could get hold of me without waste of time.

After lunch I got down to my diary for an hour or so, and, as the afternoon went on, expecting every minute to get a message from Jervis. It shouldn't have taken Beth Lockwood more than six hours to drive back from Braithley. Say she left at nine—I ought to hear from Jervis by four, say five at the outside. But six came; half past, and I had heard nothing. I asked Mrs. Moon to delay my dinner, feeling that Jervis must arrive at any moment.

The rain had come on at sundown. At seven it was lashing against my window through a night as black as pitch when Mrs. Moon came up to say that I was wanted on the telephone. I tore downstairs.

A stranger was speaking, Jervis' clerk, he explained. Mr. Jervis wished me to meet him at Eastwinds at once, he said. Mr. Jervis had just left.

It was queer, but Jervis did queer things. Possibly Moon had given him some tip, or, what was more likely I thought as I

scrambled into a raincoat he had been talking to Beth Lockwood there, a place where there was far less likelihood of being overheard than in his own office or her cottage. Or perhaps he had taken her there to explain something. My mind was full of surmise as I fought my way against the gale along the Beach Path.

Once clear of the town lights, I found it hard to see. The rain was blinding. Twice I stopped thinking I had reached my destination, and I should have passed the bungalow had I not heard my name called from the darkness.

I turned in at the gate and stumbled into a man waiting there before I saw him.

"Thank you, Jervis?" I said.

"Sorry, but I didn't see you."

Then two arms seized me firmly from behind so that I could not resist; a gag was thrust into my mouth and a bandage about my eyes and I was half pushed, half carried into the little yard. I did my best to struggle free but it was no use; the person who held me had the strength of a horse. They took me into the coal-shed where I had waited early on the Sunday morning, watching.

Not a word was spoken, and I could make but feeble gasping sounds when I tried to call out for help. Once inside the coal-house I could see through my bandage that a light was flashed on. Somebody seized my arm and roughly pulled up the sleeve. I guessed what was going to happen then, before I felt the prick of the hypodermic needle; they were going to drug me.

The needle went in and with it the dope. That I was terribly frightened I don't deny; I was sure it was my end. But strangely a mood of resignation followed and as I lay there, presently beginning to feel drowsy, I was wondering more who these silent persons were, and why they were choosing to kill me in Eastwinds, than that my end had come. This was the same technique that they had tried there and had adopted with my uncle. When I had lost consciousness I should go into the sea and when my body was washed ashore, there would be little trace of the needle-mark in my wrist. Death would probably be by drowning, too.

CERTAIN IMPORTANT EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED IN THE SEQUENCE OF THIS STORY ARE RECORDED BY ARNOLD JERVIS.

(To be continued)

## CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK.

"Yes, he's a bad lad, girlie. In fact, he's a wolf in ship's clothing."

## QUIZ for today

1. Padar is an Indian priest, French beggar, coarse flour, leather substitute, Eastern drug, animal?
2. Who wrote (a) Anthony Adverse, (b) My Antonia?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cork, Wexford, Wicklow, Londonderry, Kilkenny, Tipperary.
4. Where is Adam's footprint?
5. What is the opposite of hibernation?
6. What English city did the Romans call Aquæ Solis?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Impiety, Infelicity, Icey, Idiocy, Immaturity, Ilex, Intermediary, Irony.
8. In what game is the field of play known as the diamond?
9. If a Spaniard invited you to a game of pelota, what would you expect to play with?
10. How much is a noggin?
11. In what country is the anna a current coin?
12. Name two chemical elements beginning with O.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 397

1. Drink.
2. (a) Ouida, (b) Kipling.
3. Topsy is not in "Alice in Wonderland"; the others are.
4. From the island of Lewis with -Harris, in the Outer Hebrides.
5. Sir F. A. Abel, 1890.
6. Jenny Lind.
7. Moccasins, Marital.
8. The day before Good Friday.
9. The Mersey.
10. Otter.
11. At Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.
12. Paultry.

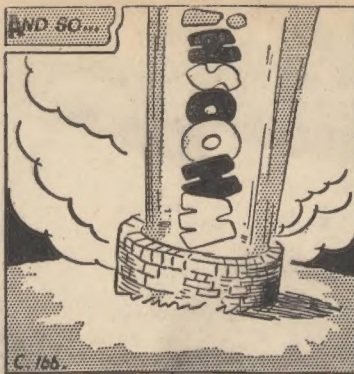
## JANE



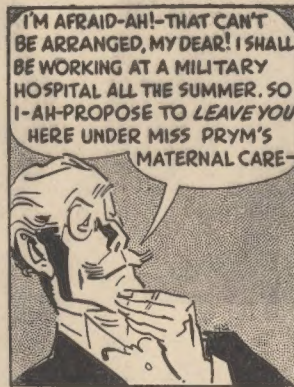
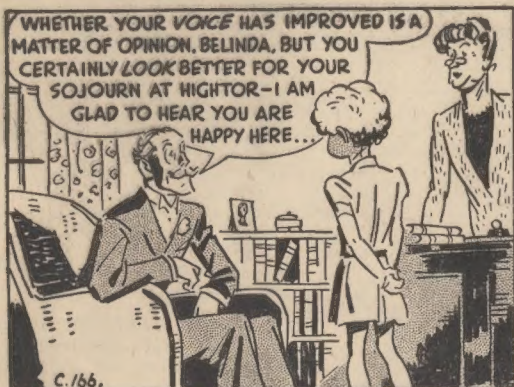
NEVER MIND, DEAR!—I KNOW A SHORT CUT WHERE WE CAN PICK IT UP AGAIN...



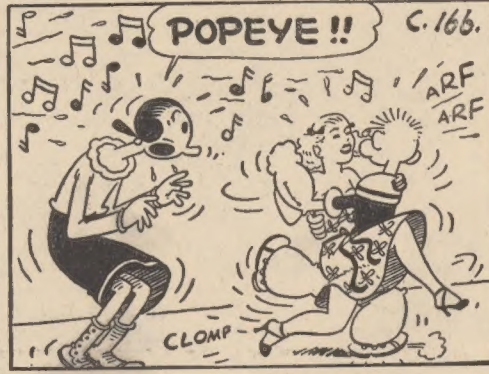
## BEELZEBUB JONES



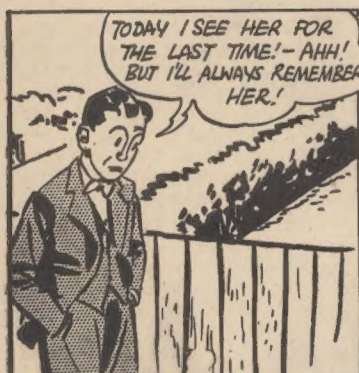
## BELINDA



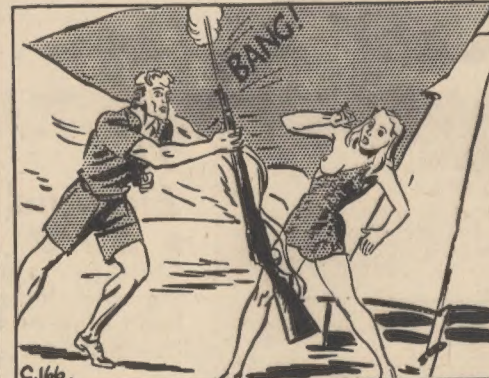
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



HAD fun on a London bus the other night—it was the last from Tottenham Court Road to Camden Town.

There were more people at the stop than the conductor would accommodate, so, in spite of his protests, the mass ignored his pleas and boarded.

But the conductor was a wily guy, so he rang the bell and the bus started.

En route he passed a police station, and he rang the bell again, at the front door. He debussed and ran in for police help. But then a passenger had an idea, too. He pressed the bell, and the driver, unaware that his conductor was still inside the station, started up again.

At each stop the ingenious passenger attended to the bell, while people got on and off.

Eventually the conductor emerged from the station, to find his bus gone, and persuaded the police inspector, at first somewhat sceptical, to chase it in a police car.

Near Camden Town they caught up with it, and the driver, who still imagined that his conductor was aboard, was astonished to see him, on the contrary, sitting beside the inspector in the police car.



HURDLING at Wembley Stadium was dance band leader Ivy Benson when I dropped in the other day.



Ivy Benson and her dog.

Remember when Ivy first got her all-girls dance band on the air she jumped for joy, but couldn't figure why she should be running round a dog track, leaping hurdles, two years later.

A trainer put me wise—Ivy is schooling a string of hounds that will compete at the tracks she visits while touring.



BRITAIN'S women in uniform are demanding equality with men when they get back to Givvy Street. They want the same pay for the same work; right of entry into all professions, keeping of jobs after marriage, and—social security.

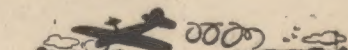
Speakers, lecturers and educational organisers visiting the Women's Services camps report increasing claims on these lines by A.T.S., "Waafs" and "Wrens," especially those over 20.

To-day, in war, they are doing the same work as men. They see men posted to other stations and find themselves appointed to take over their jobs.

Party politics are not interesting the girls much, but they are studying to enter public life. They want to serve on housing, child welfare and education committees, on the Bench, and in town councils.

When local elections take place after the war, there will be hundreds of young women seeking votes.

Seems like we're going to have to grow our finger-nails longer, too.



A SUBMARINE crew, arriving at a northern depot ship after 14 months out of sight of any kind of female, found the only film currently showing was "Bataan." No comment.

Ron Richards



**Good Morning**



"I'm too lazy to move, and if they won't throw their lousy buns right into my mouth, I'll just do without. That's all."



"It's a tiddler . . . Silly, it's a tadpole. Silly, you, too, it's a tiddler, I've caught millions of em. Well, I'll see who's right. I'll ask this chap who's coming along."

★  
**ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE**



★  
Or who can forget charming Warner Bros. star, Rosemary Lane?



★  
Yes. He's so intelligent that he collects money instead of bones.



***This England***

A spur of the Chilterns, showing the Whipsnade Lion on the hillside.

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Pooh"

